

Attention by retoxification

Series: [Pretty Vulgar \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

All that Steve really wants is attention from Billy.

and maybe the chance to have his wicked way with him.

Attention

Author's Note:

I'm honestly surprised and super delighted ya'll liked Crush and were interested in a series.

There's no real plot with this, although I will definitely be posting a follow up to this in the next day or so.

As always, thank you so much for all the lovely feedback, I appreciate it more than you know!

Please enjoy and let me know what you think :)

The thing is...

The thing is Steve's not exactly sure what he expected from Hargrove, but it definitely wasn't this.

Like, he wasn't exactly expecting Billy to go all sweet on him after what happened at the party, but it would have been a little nice.

Like, just a bit.

Steve doesn't *want* Billy to be all soft and shit, doesn't want the other guy acting like some moon-eyed chick.

He *likes* his aggression and roughness, and like, maybe not *always* directed towards him, but he does *like* it.

Maybe it's stupid, but the whole *bad boy* vibe is *really* working for Steve.

He doesn't want that to stop. He likes that he can be snarky and an asshole and Billy just grins wider, like this is a *game* between them.

Like, he wants to keep that. It doesn't feel fake, Steve doesn't have to pretend to be a better person than he *actually* is.

and yeah, okay, Steve may not be as much of an asshole as he was *before*, but he certainly isn't the person he was *trying* to be when he was with Nancy.

Whatever, anyway...

as he was saying, he isn't sure what he was hoping for, but he kind of expected Hargrove to, y'know, confess *some* kind of attraction to him while sober.

or, at the very *fucking* least, take Steve to bed by now.

and since he does possess some level of intelligence, he should have *known* things would go like this.

He hasn't exactly been throwing himself at Billy, but like, he thought he made it pretty fucking *clear* he was interested in him when he kissed the other boy back.

Like, he's even been *nice* to Billy lately, but...

nothing has happened which is *killing* him.

At the party things had been cut short by Tina of all people.

Just when Steve was getting real familiar with the inside of Billy's mouth, the other guy had pulled away when they heard the back door open.

and Steve had been expecting Billy to jump back ten feet, y'know, to preserve some semblance of heterosexuality, like they're just two dudes 'hanging out'.

but that's not how it went.

Instead, Hargrove had pulled away laughing and just given them enough space so they weren't all up in each others faces anymore.

Tina had then come over and asked for a cigarette, hanging around a bit, just *talking*, and like, it was *fine* but Steve wanted her to fucking *leave* so he can get back into Hargrove's lap.

and like, Steve's always liked Tina, she's always been fun to hang out with and was probably one of his favourite chicks at school which is *super* unfortunate because she cockblocked him and *now* he has to dislike her with *extreme* prejudice.

For like, *at least* a week. Maybe two.

After she had left Steve had kind of expected to resume things where they left off with Billy.

Unfortunately, the other guy had different plans, like,

"Later, Harrington."

and just *fucking left*, leaving Steve a little wounded and *really* confused.

Because, who the fuck does that?

So, anyways,

It's been a week and Billy's acting like nothing happened.

and, like, Steve *knows* they were both drunk on Friday and that *tends* to lead to lowered inhibitions, but, he had been hoping the other guy was into him, like at least a *little* bit.

Like, enough to actually hook up with Steve, considering, you know, he was a sure thing.

But *nothing* has happened *at all*.

He hates this pining bullshit.

He hates how it's gotten exponentially worse now that he's gotten a taste of what Billy would treat him like if the other guy liked him, wanted him, *at all*.

He wants Billy to be how he was on Friday, when they were by themselves outside,

wants the soft, tender touches along his jaw while they made out in

the dark.

Wants the, '*god damn, baby, look at you*', whispered into his throat.

Wants Billy to kiss him all nice and slow and *deep*.

He wants, he wants, he wants.

He craves the feeling of Billy's thick fingers absent-mindedly tracing patterns against his ribcage as they kiss.

He *needs* Billy to do those things *again*.

But, with the way things are currently going, it doesn't seem likely to happen any time soon.

Or ever again, really.

Like, it isn't *fair* and he *hates* feeling stuck like this.

Hates that his stupid heart doesn't *understand* and he can't move on.

So, he spends his time pining and feeling fucking *ridiculous* about it.

The next time Steve sees Billy is the next day at the grocery store.

When Steve catches sight of him his heart pounds a little in his chest, all full of *involuntary excitement*.

Like he *hates* that he's happy to see the other guy, because he knows this whole thing *has* to be unrequited.

Because if it Hargrove *did* like him, or even just wanted him in *bed*, Steve feels pretty-*fucking*-confident the other guy would have made a move by now.

But he hasn't.

So, Steve just kind of waits and aches and hopes he gets over it soon.

He's picking up some stuff for his mom so she can make lasagne –

which Steve is honestly really looking forward to- when Hargrove approaches him, like,

“I thought you kind of people would pay someone to do your grocery shopping,” not accusatory, but like, a friendly jab.

Or, rather, Hargrove’s version of friendly.

Steve’s parents have money, but not *that* kind of money, plus his dad’s kinda cheap, and like,

“What, you looking for a job or something?” he asks, and when he sees the uptick of Billy’s mouth, like he thinks Steve’s being a funny guy, he can’t help himself, “ ‘cause, like, I’m always willing to help the needy, y’know?”

Billy cracks up at that, “oh yeah, Harrington?”

“Uh yeah, was told I’ve always been *real* charitable.”

“Good to know your mama raised a *real* gentleman,” Hargrove quips.

and Steve’s feeling a little rude, so,

“Yeah, well, unlike you *I* wasn’t raised in a *barn*. I have *manners*.”

Billy *doesn’t* laugh at that,

“Real nice, Harrington.”

and Steve can tell he’s going to leave, and he’s maybe a little sorry for what he said, but he’s sure as hell not apologizing.

but Steve *doesn’t* want him to leave,

“So, hey um, you wanna come over for dinner?”

and honestly, he wasn’t exactly planning to say that, because why in the fuck would Hargrove want to do that, like, really?

Billy’s eyebrows both fly up, like he’s probably thinking Steve’s a moron,

“Yeah, no can-do amigo,”

and Steve suspected he would get rejected but it doesn’t sting any less,

“uh, okay that’s fine. I’ll, um, see you Monday?”

Sounding like a kicked puppy is probably not going to win him any points with Hargrove.

Billy rolls his eyes,

“I *would* come over but I actually *can’t*. My old man is real big on family time even though my stepmoms cooking is *shit*.”

Steve feels a wash of relief, like he did get turned down, but only because Hargrove had to.

“Yeah, yeah my dad’s like that too.”

He feels a little awkward now, like he doesn’t want to walk away and get back to shopping, but what else is there left to say?

He doesn’t want to make another offer to hang out because he’s going to look like a *loser* and he’s already pretty sure that Hargrove’s got a low opinion of him already.

“I can come over after?”

Normally when Hargrove talks, he never asks, he just demands. Now, he sounds a little unsure, which, Steve thinks, is pretty adorable.

“Um, yeah okay, like maybe at eight?” he suggests, hoping he doesn’t sound *over eager* or anything as equally embarrassing.

“Yeah, alright.” Hargrove nods, “See ya then, Stevie.” He says walking away with a salute.

Leaving Steve feeling a little breathless and a whole lot excited.

Like, maybe Hargrove likes him after all?

The entirety of dinner crawls by at a snail's pace.

His parents keep trying to make conversation, but Steve's focus is solely on the clock.

Even if it wasn't, he probably wouldn't be listening *anyway*. They talk to him like he's an *adult* which is *stupid* because he's clearly not ready for that level of responsibility yet.

Like, he doesn't even know how taxes work, or like, mortgage payments. So, they're kind of delusional if they think he's ready to be released into the world on his own.

and, maybe he should be embarrassed that he doesn't know how to survive on his own, but he mostly blames his mom and dad for never trying to prepare him for these things.

So, whatever.

He mentions that he invited a friend over to which his dad responds that he and his mom are going to the movies, and that Steve and his *friend* better not mess up the house, talking like, Steve's invited over his entire class rather than one person.

So, he says he'll contain himself and gets told not to be such a wise-ass.

By the time he manages to get away from the table, it's a few minutes until seven.

Which is later than he was hoping but still gives him enough time to panic before showering and getting ready.

He wonders for a couple minutes if he's over thinking things and, like, what if Billy *isn't* coming over to fool around?

Like, he doesn't *think* the other guy drank enough to forget what happened last Friday, but Steve isn't one hundred percent certain and it makes him feel just a little shitty.

Like, what if Hargrove *was* that drunk and Steve was that *asshole* and took advantage of the fact?

He figures, if anything is going to happen tonight, he'll leave it up to the other guy.

When the doorbell finally rings, Steve's kind of surprised that Billy actually came on time.

Like, *nobody* does that.

Or, at least, nobody that Steve knows.

His parents left a few minutes ago and he's relieved that when he goes to open the door he won't have to make any awkward introductions.

Or like, *'this is my friend Billy, we're going to hang out in my room with the door closed'*.

His parents probably wouldn't say anything, but Steve's not really feeling up to the risk.

When he swings the front door open he can't help but think how fucking *hot* Billy is.

Like, there's something about Billy that's stupidly magnetic.

"Hey," Billy smiles at him, like, cheesy porno smile and Steve *knows* good things are going to happen tonight.

"Hey," Steve grins, moves back to let Billy inside. "So, I was thinking, wanna go for a swim?"

and Billy pauses in the doorway, like,

"Isn't it still a bit cold for that?"

In that moment, Steve's like, so grateful his parents have good jobs, otherwise he wouldn't have this *very* opportunity.

"Nah, it's heated."

"Well shit, then. Hell yeah, I wanna go swimming!"

and Steve is so ready for this, like he *loves* fooling around in the pool. The warm, wet heat of it just brings things to a whole other level of good.

Of course, Billy has to point out he has nothing to wear swimming, to which Steve cheerfully replies it's *fine*, acts like everyone goes skinny dipping in his pool.

Which is a whole-ass lie, his parents would fucking *execute* him if they knew what he was about to do.

But, whatever, y'know?

What they don't know, can't hurt them.

He makes a pit stop in the kitchen to get a couple beers, not like it'll hurt, and continues on his way.

He can see Hargrove looking around, not in awe, but in curiosity. Like, he's just taking in everything that's Steve's home.

Which is cute, Steve thinks, because most people just comment that his house is big, and it's like, yeah, he knows that.

but Billy just looks around and,

"Y'know Harrington," he says, clucking his tongue, "gotta say, I'm a bit disappointed."

and like, what?

"Uh huh, why's that Hargrove?" and Steve knows the guy had some weird notions about how much money Steve's parents have but like, kinda rude to point that out.

"There's like, zero pictures of you."

"What?"

"Like, I'm over here, expecting to see some real hilarious pictures of you as a kid, like real embarrassing shit, and there's nothing," Billy replied, looking like Steve was the cause of this great injustice.

Steve starts laughing, like, is this guy for-fucking-real?

“Dude, you’re kidding me, right?”

Billy grins and swipes his tongue along his lower lip, like,

“Nope.”

“Well, hate to break it to ya man,” but he’s not *really* because he was *not* a cute kid, “but my mom has those stashed in albums, so...”

He shrugs, like, *oh well, what can ya do?*

Billy hums, “yeah, guess I’ll need to come over when she’s around, get her to show me them, probably’ll get a good laugh.”

Steve doesn’t bother responding, like, he probably deserved that one after telling Hargrove he was raised in a barn, *to his face*.

When they get outside it’s not cold, but it isn’t exactly summer yet either.

So, Steve makes quick work of his clothes and starts wading into the pool, beer bottle in hand.

When settled in, he shamelessly starts checking out Hargrove as the other guy undresses.

Steve feels fucking *ravenous* whenever he catches sight of his body.

His abs, thighs, ass, the fucking outline of his *cock* are mouth-watering and Steve wonders if he’s every going to feel this attracted to anyone else or if Hargrove’s fucking ruined him for life.

He’s completely enraptured as he watched the other guy peel off his shirt, feels arousal building as he listens to Hargrove unbuckle his belt and unzip and push down his jeans.

Steve’s mildly surprised to see he’s wearing underwear but not *actually* disappointed by it.

Not when they accentuate all of his best parts.

He's a little more than breathless watching, waiting for Hargrove to peel them off.

The anticipation is gonna kill him.

Which, honestly, if he wasn't so fucking turned on, would be *hilarious* since he's seen Hargrove's dick more times than he can count.

Maybe it's the context that makes the difference, the situation is what's getting to him here.

"You enjoying the view there, Harrington?"

Steve feels his cheeks heat up when he's called out, he lifts his eyes from the prize and smiles back at Hargrove, like,

"What view?" he asks, laughs at the mock-offended face Billy pulls, "all I'm seeing is some guy that's taking his sweet-ass time getting into the pool."

"Sure, Harrington," he replies, pausing to *finally* slip off his underwear. "Sounds like you just want to get me wet and naked."

and, uh, yeah that's *exactly* what Steve wants, okay?

"Listen man, all I wanted was a buddy to *hang out with*, y'know?" He pauses to take a long pull from his beer, mouth desperately dry as he watches Hargrove step down in the pool. Looking like sin incarnate. "And here, you are, accusing me of wanting all these wicked things."

Billy's smile is hard to place, filled with lust and hunger and Steve totally *feels* that.

"Wicked things, huh?" His voice slipping into something deep and dark, its curls around Steve's gut and *pulls*.

"Yeah, dirty, wicked things," it comes out a whole lot quieter, a whole lot more intimate, now that Hargrove's right in front of him.

"You wanna do dirty, wicked things to me, pretty boy?"

and Billy is so close now. His chest is pressing against Steve's, their

legs entwined, and Hargrove is definitely *hard*, he can feel his cock brushing up against his belly, making his muscles clench.

Steve doesn't mean to say it, but, "Fuck, yes," he whispers, *whimpers*, feeling the barest brush of Billy's lips against his own, just out of reach.

Hargrove ducks close, murmurs low and filthy in Steve's ear, "so, *show me.*"